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White

Westland Echoes

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WESTLAND ECHOES

By Ned White

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With my compliments.
and best wishes
to Miss Ollive Barton

Bisbee. Arizona
5-10-18. Ned White

Westland Echoes

A BOOK OF POEMS

BY NED WHITE

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BISBEE ORE PRESS.

BISBEE, ARIZONA
1916

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Introduction

Ye who have heard the desert voices,
Ye who have heard the wild things cry;
Ye who have camped in lonesome places,
'Neath the stars of the western sky;
Ye have heard the tales repeated
By the campfires, o'er and o'er;
Told by gray haired, old prospectors--
These simple tales of desert lore.

And ye who dwell in distant cities,
Ye may scoff and pass them by;
Ye may call them myths or fables
From the country of blue sky—
Still to me each line is sacred
In the simple stories told,
Of the Westland's lonesome places,
Of the land of wealth untold.

Ned White.

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Westland Echoes

DOWN ALONG THE HASSAYAMP

In remote and silent places
  Down along the Hassayamp,
Mid the foothills of the Bradshaws
  Where the placer miners camp,
Where they used to dig the nuggets
  From the ground in days of yore,
Now they sit by smoldering camp fires,
  Telling tales of wealth galore.

Telling of the Horsethief canyon,
  Telling of the Vulture peak,
Of the big strike down at Weaver,
  Of the Frenchman's lucky streak;
Telling of the Harquhalas
  That was once a booming camp,
'Way down toward the Colorado—
  Westward from the Hassayamp,

Stop with me and hear the stories
By the campfires burning low,
By the ashes of the camp fires
That were kindled long ago,
Hear the stories of the mountains,
Stories of the desert wide;
Hear them tell of good old timers,
Who have crossed the big divide.

Here and there, in lonesome places,
'Twixt the canyon's rocky walls,
Where the flowers bloom in summer,
Where the snow in winter falls,
Where the hungry coyotes wander,
Where the giant cactus wave,
Here and there a ruined cabin,
Here and there a lonely grave,

Now and then some old prospector
With his gray head bending low,
Sits and tells the passing stranger,
Stories of the long ago—
May their memories live forever,
'Round the ashes of their camp,
'Mid the foothills of Bradshaws—
Down along the Hassayamp.

NOTE—The Hassayampa River, in Arizona.

IN CAMPO SANTOS

Yes, Senor, I'm very feeble,
Heart grown weary, foot steps slow,
But I once was proud and happy—
Senor, that was long ago;
'Fore the snow of many winters
Left its traces on my brow;
'Fore the sun of many summers
Made me as you see me now.

Why I weep? Senor, you ask me,
Why the bitter tears do flow?
I am thinking, ever dreaming,
Of the happy long ago—
Thinking of a young ranchero
In a valley, green and wide,
Of a Mexican caballero
And a blushing Mexican bride.

How the saints did smile upon us,
Sent a babe to cheer our way—
How we treasured little Alma,
Worshipped her from day to day.
See the white clouds yonder sailing,
By the gentle breezes blown;
As light her heart was as the cloudlets
'Til a maiden she had grown.

Thus I weep—Senor, forgive me—
Thus the bitter tears do start!
Oh, the mem'ries that are living
In this poor, old, aching heart!
Must I tell the wretched story
How a handsome gringo came,
Wooed and won our little darling,
Killed her happiness with shame?

Cast a shadow o'er her young life?
Broke her heart of love and trust?
Left her then alone to perish,
Like a rosebud in the dust;
Like a flower that's lost its fragrance,
Or a poor forbidden toy;
Like a bird that has been crippled
By a cruel, thoughtless boy!

With her poor head bowed in sorrow,
Never did she raise her face—
Now, at last, in Campo Santos,
She has found a resting place!
Adios! I soon shall follow
Where her falt'ring foot steps led;
To the Pueblo de los Muertos—
To the City of the Dead.

NOTE—Campo Santos, meaning cemetary.
Pueblo de los Muertos, town or city of the dead.

THE OLD PROSPECTOR

He has gone, the old prospector!
With his burro and pack saddle.
Rusty now his pick and shovel,
Rusty now his old canteen,
Never more on lonesome hill sides,
Or the desert's wasted places,
Looking for the hidden treasures,
Is the sturdy fellow seen.

No more by the camp fire gleaming
Is he sitting now and dreaming
Of the ivy covered cottage
And the promises he made.
He has crossed the silent river,
To the peaceful Eldorado;
On the mystic shores up yonder
He is resting in the shade.

Silent now the old log cabin
In the canyon deep and lonely,
With its doors on rusty hinges
In the night winds swinging free—
Where he dwelt with life contented
In the good old days now vanished;
Never prince in stately mansion
Was more satisfied than he!

NOTE—The old time prospector is only a mining man.

ONLY A MINER

Blow the shrill whistle, call him to labor,
Hurry him in to the darkness below;
Away from the sunlight, to gloom and to danger,
To peril that only a miner can know.

Cheer'ly he goes, the big hearted fellow,
To meet every task with muscle and will;
Toiling away by the light of a candle,
With pick and shovel, with hammer and drill.

He seeks not for praise nor for laurels,
Though many a brave deed we recall—
Brave acts of his never recorded,
Because he's only a miner, that's all!

Why gather the men in the shaft house?
What is it that lies on the hill side?
"Killed in the mine," sadly, they answer;
Another poor fellow has crossed the divide.

Tell the sad news to the wife who is waiting—
For her above all he lived for in love;
Say he has gone from the dark, lower levels—
Gone to the station of light that's above.

Just another new grave in the canyon down yonder,
And a home plunged in sorrow—they miss him tonight!
May he rest in peace! He was only a miner!
He was true as a friend; he did what was right!

NOTE—One of many who are killed by accidents in the big mines every year.

LIFE HAS BEEN ONLY A DAY

See the boy with golden hair
In the garden, bright and fair,
Watching in his merry glee
The ever busy little bee
As so eagerly it goes
To sip the honey from the rose.

This is in life's early morn
When all happiness is born;
Could he always be a boy,
'Mid nature's beauty, love and joy!
But, Ah me, how very soon
Morning hours have turned to noon?

The garden scene has passed away,
Scattered dead the flowers lay,
And the boy, so happy then,
Mingles now with busy men—
Grown to manhood, true and tall,
When the evening shadows fall!

The shades of night have fallen now
On an aged, drooping brow;
Eyes grown feeble, heart grown old,
Silver locks that once were gold;
Faltering lips that softly say:
"Life has only been a day."

IN THE CACTUS LAND

This is the beautiful picture
That is seen in the Cactus Land—
An Arizona sunset,
Painted by nature's hand;
All of the glowing colors
At twilight are combined
In this wonderful picture
By God's own hand designed.

In rapture I look upon it
At its ever changing glow,
While in the quiet valleys
The darker shadows grow.
No artist's hand, though cunning,
Could paint the picture true—
The sky all gold and amber,
The hills all purple and blue!

Purple, blue and golden,
With the valleys green below,
And the foot hills in the distance
Where the giant Cactus grow—
The picture fades in the gloaming
And the night birds softly call,
Then a peaceful benediction
Seems to hover over all!

NOTE—Meaning an Arizona Desert.

AT THE GATE

Together they stood at heaven's gate,
  Meekly there to learn their fate.
One was a beggar, lank and spare;
  The other was a millionaire—
As they stood at the portal
  Of shining gold,
These are the tales
  That the pilgrims told:

"I was only a tramp," said the ragged one;
  "Born on earth a poor man's son;
"Home or comfort I didn't know,
  "When I was in the World below;
"Only an outcast, when I died
  "Not a single mortal cried.
"Poverty was my greatest sin—
  "Please, Saint Peter, let me in!"

The rich man, in his lofty way,
  Unto the good saint then did say:
"I had wealth, with all its charms;
  "A child of luxury's tender arms,
"Into the midst of plenty I was born;
  "And when I did, the world did mourn,
"For I was one of the upper class—
  "Now, Saint Peter, let me pass!"

Saint Peter then said with a sneer:
"Your gold will have no value here,
"You went the pace in the world below,
"A noble act you did not know;
"Your ragged partner may pass through,
"But Satan has a berth for you!"

THE OUTLAW'S LAMENT

Blown o'er the sands of the desert
When the shades of night hang low,
Comes a voice through walls of darkness
That circle the camp fire's glow;
Not sweet strains of melody
On the night winds tossed,
But more like a wandering spirit,
Or the cry of a soul that is lost.

I think, as I sit and listen
To the coyote's fiendish yell,
I am a hunted outlaw—
He is an outlaw from hell!
Here by the smoldring campfire
My lonely vigil I keep,
Weary from the days' long travel,
And that devil won't let me sleep.

Tired, hungry and footsore,
Just think, ye peaceful men,
By the first rays of morning
I must be moving again.
An outlaw alone on the desert
Under the starlit sky;
I wonder which is despised most—
That skulking coyote, or I!

FORSAKEN

Think of a woman's life—
A mother, but not a wife—
Here in a world of strife
With all its false splendor;
Left like a broken reed,
Friendless, alone in need—
Must she for mercy plead
With none to defend her?

Think of her in disgrace,
Shame written on her face,
Wandering from place to place—
Shunned and forsaken!
Think of a woman's trust,
Think of a villain's lust,
Censure her if you must—
For his life she has taken!

Gloat o'er her misery,
Ye of society;
Blind is your vanity
To the woes of humanity.
Scoff at her once fair name
Now she is bowed in shame,
Tell the world of her blame—
Is that Christianity?

"Guilty," the verdict read;
"Guilty," the jury said—
The trial then was ended—
Point ye at her with scorn,
The creature there forlorn—
Our law was offended!

And ye who testified,
Are ye now satisfied?
Though before God ye lied,
Are ye contented?
That in a prison cell
Now she is doomed to dwell,
There in a living hell—
Till dead or demented?

WHEN THE LAW IS SATISFIED

Hear the hour of midnight tolling
In the tower o'er the way,
Sending echoes through the prison
Where the wretched convicts lay;
Come with me and look upon them
'Neath the ghastly prison light,
Come and see their haggard faces—
See their faces, blanched and white.

Hear them murmur in their slumber,
Look on them with pity then,
When they dream of home and loved ones,
Of the time when they were men;
Of the time when they were happy,
Gliding down life's golden stream—
Come and hear their sad hearts' yearning.
Come with me where the convicts dream.

It is said, in yonder garden
Nothing now but weeds will grow,
But if with care it were attended
There the purest flowers would blow.
Why not then, ye Christian people—
Ye who by the laws abide—
Why not help these fallen brothers,
When the law is satisfied?

Patient waiting, ever longing,
For the dawning of the day,
When the prison gates will open—
From its gloom they'll pass away.
Do not brand them, do not shun them,
Do not point at them with scorn,
When they've done their awful penance—
Remember, they were free men born!

Lift them up and give them courage!
They are human! They are men!
Don't despise them! Do not drive them
Back into this hell again!
Speak to them with words of kindness,
Show to them the brighter side,
Help them to regain lost places—
When the law is satisfied!

WHAT WILL YOU DO?

Will you help him along?
  He's a brother of man.
He is fighting the battle
  The best he can.
Do you know what 'twould mean,
  A kind word from you,
To a lost fellow creature,
  Downcast and blue?

Will you give him a hand?
  He's on the down grade;
His life was a failure
  Like the plans that he made.
Why not assist him?
  Show him the way?
The poor weary wanderer,
  Gone far astray!

Do you know what it is
  To be wanting a meal?
The world's bitter scorn,
  Did you never feel?
Did you ever ask,
  With a half smothered sob,
For a chance in this life?
  For a chance for a job?

Do you know what it means
When hope is no more?
Have you e'er tried and lost?
Was your heart ever sore?
That's what it would mean,
A kind word from you,
A clasp of the hand,
Might help him pull through!

Will you help him today
While he still is in need?
Will you coldly pass by,
His pleadings not heed,
When a smile, or a word,
Or a clasp of the hand,
Would give him new courage,
Would help him to stand?

His burden is heavy!
Will you make it light?
Will you speak words of cheer
To make his way bright?
He's a brother of man,
Downcast and blue—
If kindness will help him,
What will you do?

TOMBSTONE IN EARLY DAYS

Yes, I have seen sad pictures
Taken from life's seamy side,
I have heard the stories repeated
How somebody's darling died;
I have heard wild tales of the westland
In song and story told—
Of the days of western gun men,
Of the days of blood and gold.

Back in the early eighties,
In the days of Tombstone's fame,
In the wake of the dauntless miners
The gamblers and outlaws came;
When painted dance hall beauties
Rode on the same stage coach
With honest men and women,
From White Pine and Pioche.

In the days of the trusty six-shooter
When men feared not the law,
When they planted them under the daisies
If they were slow on the draw.
Silent now are the dance halls,
The gamblers and bandits at rest—
They have faded and vanished forever
From Tombstone, the Gem of the West.

Yes, I have seen sad pictures,
  Taken from life's seamy side,
I have heard sad stories repeated,
  How somebody's darling died—
May God bless true men and women,
  Long since gone to rest,
Who stood for law and order
  In the winning of the west.

NOTE—Many of the first to arrive in Tombstone, Arizona, came from the gold and silver camps of Nevada and California, by way of the old stage coach.

JACK, THE SILENT

Eastward from the Harquhalas
At a place called Cactus Flat,
Lived and toiled an old prospector,
Just a gray, old Desert Rat;
Free of heart and open handed,
All were welcome to his camp—
We used to call him "Jack, the Silent,"
The best old man on the Hassayamp!

Liked he was, by all who knew him,
Liked because his heart was good—
There was something in his make-up
That we never understood,
Some great secret in his memory,
Something 'neath his old white hat,
Some great sorrow borne in silence,
In the heart of the desert rat.

Many a weary, passing stranger,
Derelicts on the whirlpools cast,
Were helped and sent along rejoicing
By the silent man with the buried past,
Years of hardship told their story
And the desert claimed its own—
Where he lived and helped the weary,
There the old man died alone.

There he left a letter written,
Left this message, carefully penned:
"God forgive you, Bill, I cannot—
"Her, I trusted; and you my friend."
Then we knew the old man's secret,
Why he came west to forget;
In the past there was a woman—
In the east she's living yet.

"Jack, the Silent," now is sleeping
On the slope of Cactus Flat,
A noble heart is stilled forever
In the grave of the Desert Rat—
Eastward from the Harquhalas
Lie the ruins of his camp,
There we still may hear the story
Of the best old man on the Hassayamp.

NOTE—A Desert Rat is an old prospector who frequents the desert, like many others he wandered away and died.

THE HERMIT

Where the rays of the sunset linger
Far up on the western range,
Where the snowy peaks and lofty
Never vary, never change,
In the shadow of the snowcaps,
Mid the ever sighing pines,
Stands a cabin, half in ruin,
Covered o'er with creeping vines.

In the doorway, looking westward,
Stands the hermit, gray and old,
Gazing over vale and summit
Where the sky has turned to gold.
He sees the landscape fading
In the evening's mellow glow,
Hears the laughing water murmur
In the canyon for below.

Sees the eagle flying homeward
With a grand and graceful ease,
Hears the squirrels loudly chatter
In the branches of the trees,
Sees the rabbit in his frolic
Scamper through the open gate,
Hears the owl in his eyrie
Hooting, scolding at his mate.

Sees the branches of the pine trees
In the breezes bend and sway,
Then the bright lights of the city
Down the valley, far away.
There he stands, the lonely hermit,
'Til the light of day has fled—
Then he turns into the cabin,
Bows in sorrow his gray head.

There he sits alone and ponders
While the bright stars shine above,
Thinking of a child's caresses,
Thinking of a woman's love;
Dreaming of a cheerful fireside,
Of a babe and gentle wife—
Then the past unfolds before him
And reveals a wasted life!

Far away his thoughts then wander,
O'er the mountains, wrapped in snow,
In fancy once again he's standing
On the shores of long ago;
Visions of loved ones departed
Fill his dim old eyes with tears—
He sees again a sweet face smiling
Through the mists of faded years.

He sees again a village church yard
Wherein rare, sweet flowers bloom,
Sees a headstone made of granite
O'er a low, moss covered tomb,
He reads again the brief inscription:
"God receive my soul at last;"
He hears the songs of birds that mingle
With the echoes of the past.

Hears his baby calling "Papa"
With an accent sweet and clear—
Well he knows, the aged hermit,
That bright angels hover near,
When at last the silv'ry moonbeams
Creep across the cabin floor
And the pine trees whisper to him:
They are gone forever more.

There he lives alone, forgotten,
Far up on the western range
Where the snowy peaks and lofty
Never vary, never change,
Where the rays of sunset linger
High up in the rocky glen—
Undisturbed there, unmolested,
Hidden from the haunts of men.

NOTE—A real hermit, who lived in the Pinal Mountains of Arizona, well remembered by old timers.

IN THE LAND OF MANYANA

In the land of Manyana,
Where the Yaqui river flows,
Once there lived a Senorita,
Pure as any flower that grows.
Youth and beauty, hear my story,
Hear the tale I now impart
Of a happy little maiden,
Of a woman's broken heart.

Years ago there came a stranger
To the sunny land of rest,
To the land of Manyana,
Where with peace a home was blessed.
He was weary—long he lingered
In Romero's fair abode,
Welcomed there by dark Anita—
In her brown eyes pleasure glowed.

Innocence in all its beauty
For the Gringo had a charm—
Still her father, soul of honor,
Little thought there would be harm,
When the soft tongued Gringo villain
Told the maid, the story old,
Of a love that never falters,
Of a heart that's never cold.

Coy Anita learned to love him,
Thought that all his vows were true
Until the day that he departed,
Never bidding her adieu.
Years have passed and all the sunlight
From her pathway long has flown,
And the love that she then cherished
Now to bitter hate has grown.

Old Romero, soul of honor,
Is at rest on the estate
Where a gray haired Mexican woman
Tells the tale of love and hate;
Yes, she tells the neighbors' daughters,
When the evening shadows fall,
How she used to love a Gringo—
Oh, so handsome, fair and tall!

Eagerly the maidens listen
When they hear Anita speak;
Sad are they when teardrops glisten
On her hollow, wrinkled cheek.
Adios! Her heart was broken,
Trampled like a faded rose—
In the land of Manyana,
Where the Yaqui river flows.

NOTE—The Land of Manyana, meaning the Land of Tomorrow.

A LEGEND OF THE PIMAS

By the Superstition Mountains,
Where Salt River wends its way,
Through the fertile, sunny valley,
Where the Indian legends say
That a princess of the Pimas
On the mountain long ago,
As a sacrifice was offered
That the tribe in strength should grow,

Many days the sun was hidden
By a cloud as black as night,
All the wicked then did perish,
Died of famine and of blight,
And the spirit of the princess
Led them o'er the mountain crest
To the valley of Salt River,
Where the chosen ones were blessed.

Sacred now is this tradition,
Handed down from sire to son,
Telling of the Pima people,
How the peaceful tribe begun;
How the padres came among them—
Knelt among them on the sod—
Told them of the mighty white man,
Told them of the white man's God.

Showed them how to build their houses,
How to till the virgin soil,
How to train the water courses,
Taught the children how to toil;
Told them how to reap the harvest
In the golden summer days,
How to care for the afflicted—
Showed them all the white man's ways.

Built a mission by the river
Where the faithful ones would tryst,
Where they learned of blessed Mary,
Learned to love the name of Christ—
In the valley calm and peaceful,
Aged ones, infirm and lame,
Tell this legend of the Pimas,
Tell of how the white man came.

Sing the praises of the white man,
At the closing of the day,
By the Superstition Mountains
Where Salt River wends its way;
Sing the praises of the princess,
By whom the tribe was blessed,
In the valley of Salt River,
In the garden of the west.

NOTE—The Pima Indians were always friendly to the white settlers in Salt River Valley.
Padres, meaning the Spanish priests.

THE GRINGO WIZARD

In Manyana Land, long ago,
'Mid the mystic hills of Mexico,
'Neath the tranquil, sunny skies,
Where love or romance never dies,
There the simple natives tell
That a Gringo once did dwell—
They tell of wondrous power he had,
Tell of his deeds, both good and bad.

From the hills the blight he drove,
Planted a wonderful cigarette grove,
And to their hearts great joy did bring
When he opened the mescal spring;
From the milkweed and eggplant, too,
A beautiful custard tree he grew—
In lowly huts these tales are told
When firelight gleams and nights are cold.

"Adios!" they say, and wonder why
That such a genius as he should die;
Dusky children still repine
For he promised them a rock candy mine.
In Manyana Land, where the mescal flows
Sleeps the wizard in calm repose,
Where the gentle zephyrs blow
O'er the mystic hills of Mexico.

NOTE—Mescal is a liquor made from the plant of the same name; it is said that one drink would make a jackrabbit fight a bear.

THE BABE OF THE SAN SIMON

At the foot of the Chiricahua Mountains,
Down in a grassy vale,
Cochise and his painted warriors
Were camped on their last war trail.
They did not know that warning
To the paleface settlers'd flown,
West to the Sulphur Spring Valley,
East to the San Simon.

The chieftains were seated in council,
In the lodge by the campfire's glow;
They planned their attack for the morrow
On the lonely ranches below,
When the cry of a sentry 'roused them,
And the hills resounded at large
The startling blare of a bugle
That sounded the cavalry charge.

The skirmish soon was ended,
Cochise to the mountains had fled,
Leaving the squaws and papooses
And most of his warriors dead.
The soldier that guarded the prisoners,
The squaws and papooses half wild,
Found in their midst a golden head—
A blue eyed, pale faced child.

In the old fort on the prairie
The story yet is told,
How they loved a blue eyed maiden
Whose hair was the color of gold;
They tell how the stern, old captain
Guarded her as his own,
In the old fort now abandoned
Down in the San Simon.

The flowers have bloomed and faded
Many a summer since then,
The desert has changed to a garden
By the ceaseless progress of men—
Back in an eastern city,
A woman now grown old
Dreams of the days of her childhood,
When her silvery locks were gold.

Cochise and his tribe have vanished
Over the big divide;
And unmolested the ranchers
Inhabit the valley wide—
A few old timers among them
From memories of their own
Tell of the waif of the Chiricahuas,
Of the babe of the San Simon.

NOTE—Cochise was a well known Apache chief who terrorized white settlers in Southern Arizona, and made his last stand in his stronghold in the Dragoon Mountains, north of Tombstone.

ONLY A GREASER

He was only a Greaser, the story goes—
Which means a Mexican, I suppose—
In a Mexican mining camp, they say,
A thousand lives he saved one day.
The train that came with cars of freight
On the side track was to wait
For right-of-way far up the line
With a load of powder for the mine.

The train men and the engine crew
Had left the train—as they sometimés do—
Beyond the track they went that day,
To a boarding house, just over the way,
Some little children playing near
Sent up a cry—their shouts of fear
Were heard by men, who running came,
Aghast, when they saw the car a-flame,

A thousand lives in danger then—
Helpless children, women, men—
A common Mexican, standing by,
Saw the danger, heard the cry;
He ran to the engine without fear
And took the seat of the engineer.
His face reflected a brave heart's joy—
Yet he was only a Mexican boy.

He blew the whistle and rang the bell,
Smiled and waved a last farewell,
Opened then the throttle wide
And down the grade the train did glide
Around the curve, beyond the hill—
A mighty crash and all was still—
A cloud of smoke on the mountain side
Showed where the Mexican hero died!

There below the border line,
Near the old Pilares mine,
Stands a monument over the grave
Of the boy who died—the town to save.
"Only a Greaser," we heard men say,
A common Mexican, by the way—
Sleep in peace, thou noble one!
Thy name still lives, thy work well done!

NOTE—Jesus Garcia saved the town of Nacozari, Sonora, Mexico, in 1907. This is a true story.

BONES OF THE DESERT

They found him there on the desert
Where he wandered away and died,
With his old, gray head on a boulder,
An empty canteen by his side;
In the canyon just below him
Where the giant cactus stand,
They found an old pack saddle
And his camp kit in the sand.

Was it gold that lured him
On the desert there to fall?
Was he just another victim
Who had heard the desert call?
Tenderly they laid him
In a shallow grave to rest,
His tattered coat for a pillow,
Withered hands across his breast.

None knows what joys or sorrows
Were hidden in his breast;
None knows what his life was
Before he came out west;
None knows what awful tortures
He suffered ere he died,
With his old, gray head on a boulder,
An empty canteen by his side!

Who knows but in the Eastland
There may be living yet
A mother, a wife or a sister,
Those loved ones who never forget?
What his name was, where he came from,
It's sure will never be known,
For the desert keeps its secrets—
When it has claimed its own.

NOTE—Many prospectors have been lost in this manner.

BEYOND THE HILLS

It was evening and the sun's last ray
Was bidding its adieu to day,
Casting shadows o'er the glade
In the orchard fair, where lovers strayed;
Hand in hand they wend their way
Down the paths where the wood nymphs play.

They said goodbye in a shady bower
On the river bank in the twilight hour—
He out west to the Golden State,
She with patient heart to wait—
A nameless joy his bosom thrills
As he wanders away beyond the hills.

Oh, how bright our youthful dreams!
Oh, how bright the future seems!
Alas, the happy little maid
Saw the joys of girlhood fade!
Sorrow now her young heart fills—
So few return from beyond the hills!

There is a legend often told
Of rainbow gleams o'er a land of gold,
And we never learn the sordid truth
Till our hair is gray and we've lost our youth;
Yet our hearts with rapture thrill
As we chase the rainbow over the hill.

HOPE

Look not back to buried sorrows
In the past that bring you pain,
Think not of the joys now vanished
For the past comes not again;
Live to cheer those who surround you.
Do not worry, do not pine,
But improve the living present—
For the present still is thine.

Go then forth to meet the future,
Try to play a manly part,
Though the shadows be forboding
Meet them with a fearless heart;
Now and then a kind word spoken,
Here and there a helping hand,
Will assist a tottering brother,
Help some weary one to stand.

At the end of this life's journey,
When the race of life is run,
A reward there will be waiting
For the good that you have done—
Blessing there for all your efforts,
All the good cheer that you gave
As you travelled o'er life's highway,
From the cradle to the grave.

THE GHOST OF CACTUS FLAT

On the map of Arizona
There is a mining camp,
A little place called Weaver
Close to the Hassayamp,
Where the silence now is broken
By the sounds of the Octave mill,
Where the Mexicans dig for placer
In the shadows of Rich Hill.

In that little camp of Weaver,
On a frosty winter's eve,
I heard this little story
That I could not all believe.
Told it was, by Mickey Dolan,
As by flickering fire we sat,
About a desert phantom,
Or the ghost of Cactus Flat.

He said that many years ago
One night he made his camp
Close by the sacred waters
Of the dear old Hassayamp.
The silvery moon had risen
O'er the eastern mountain crest,
When by the smoldering camp fire
He had laid him down to rest.

The willows by the river
Were waving in the breeze,
And the laughing limpid water
Sang its sweetest melodies.
The calm of peaceful slumber
Over him did creep—
He was fast approaching
The borderland of sleep—

When on the midnight stillness
Suddenly there came
A voice from out the thicket
That called aloud his name,
And before his startled vision
There came an awful sight—
A skeleton was standing
Within the pale moonlight.

Its fleshless jaws were moving
As though it fain would speak,
One bony hand was pointing
Toward the top of Vulture Peak.
Mickey gazed in terror
At the specter, mute and dumb,
Till in a husky whisper
The horrid thing said: "Come!"

It turned and glided from him
With proud, majestic ease,
Into a rocky canyon
'Neath the swaying willow trees—
When with a sudden impulse
Mike got up from his bed,
Determined then to follow
Where his ghostship led.

Deep into a gloomy cavern—
The walls were damp and cold—
In one corner of the place
He saw a heap of gold;
A pile of yellow nuggets
As large as cobble stones,
And near by laid the skeleton,
A crumbled mass of bones.

He didn't take the treasure,
But in haste he went away
And decided to come back again
By the light of coming day.
The next that he remembered
The sun shone on the land,
With sparkling water dancing
Over the golden sand.

But his ghostly midnight visitor
Had left no trace behind—
Although he's sought for many years
The cave he cannot find.
When Mickey told the story
I saw his old eyes gleam—
It might have been all fancy,
Or a Hassayamper's dream!

NOTE—Hassayampers, old timers on the Hassayampa.

HAPPY JACK

There is a cabin up yonder
That stands on the brow of the hill,
The walls all crumbled and falling,
Where the stray winds enter at will
Through the door hanging loose on hinges
That are rusty, bent and brown—
Well, sir, that cabin is haunted,
It is said by the folks here in town.

Long years ago, I remember—
I was a tenderfoot then—
Indians were bad, hereabout, sir,
And there were some bad white men.
Among them was one called "Happy"
For the want of a better name;
A crack shot, all 'round sport, sir,
Ready for any old game.

Whether the play was for money,
Or only a game for fun,
Whether they played with cards or dice,
Or whether with horse or gun,
It made no odds to Happy;
He would gamble, shoot or ride,
Bet his bottom dollar,
Then let his luck decide.

At last the heartless damsel,
The fickle goddess of chance,
Ceased to smile upon him,
Gave him a frowning glance;
Then Happy turned to the highway—
One cold winter's night
He held up the stage on the summit—
Then artfully vanished from sight.

A big reward was offered
And posses of stern faced men
Went out to hunt for Happy—
He was an outlaw then!
"I will give one thousand dollars,"
The grim old sheriff said;
"To the man who brings him back again,
"Whether alive or dead."

In the old cabin up yonder,
There on the brow of the hill,
Lived a poor, sick woman,
The widow of Tombstone Bill,
With two of the brightest youngsters
That ever were seen in these parts,
Their eyes the reflection of heaven
And pure, trusting love in their hearts.

While both were at play one morning
There 'neath the murmuring pines,
Around the hill from the cabin
They picked wild grapes from the vines,
Without a thought of danger
Their childish play to mar—
They were the fearless youngsters
Most mountain children are.

A rifle shot above them,
A whistling sound o'er head,
As on its deadly errand
A singing bullet sped—
Then came a cry from the branches,
A wild and savage yell,
And down into the playhouse
A wounded panther fell.

A voice rang out on the stillness:
"I will save you, do not fear;
"Hurry, babies, to your mother;
"To the cabin. Do you hear?"
And down the hill side toward them,
With gun in hand he sped—
Happy Jack, the outlaw,
With a price upon his head!

He saw the children passing
  Safe within the cabin door,
Then turned he toward the timber,
  There to hide himself once more—
But too late; he was discovered.
  Just above him in the glen,
With their rifles aimed and ready,
  Stood the sheriff and his men.

Now, they say, the place is haunted,
  It may be, I don't know,
But the posse murdered Happy
  By that cabin years ago.
Folks here say at hour of midnight
  A voice cries loud and clear,
Saying, "Babies, run to mother;
  "I will save you, do not fear."

Things have changed about here, mister;
  Gun men now are very few,
Some have gone to other diggings,
  Some are sleeping 'neath the dew.
Someone wrote upon a headstone
  The epitaph in these words ran:
"Here sleeps Happy Jack, the outlaw;
  "Here sleeps Happy Jack, the MAN."

A HOBO MINER

He was only a hobo miner
Who drifted from place to place,
But a bright, good hearted fellow,
With a handsome, honest face.
Never dreaming of the future,
Living on from day to day,
Like the birds, in spring time going
To the northlands, far away.

Far from sunny Arizona
To Montana's snowy plains,
And returns to blue sky country
When the birds return again.
But now his journey's over,
We will see him never more,
For he has crossed the river
To rest on the other shore.

He was only a hobo miner,
When the roads of life he trod—
If there is a heaven for hobos
He is resting there with God.
One pleasant summer evening,
In a western mining town,
The streets were filled with people,
Passing up and down.

A sudden cry of warning—
The people stood in fright,
When a pair of maddened horses
Came dashing into sight.
On they came, like two mad demons,
Down the street in a wild race—
Looking through the carriage window
Was a smiling baby's face.

Is there none in all these people,
Who the baby's life will save?
Or will all stand in horror,
As she dashes to the grave?
Ah, but no! there on the corner,
As the seconds seem to fly,
There an unknown man is waiting—
He will save her life or die.

Yes, there is one strong arm lifted;
One brave heart in the street alone.
Mid the many stands a hero,
Fear to him is a thing unknown.
Nearer came the plunging horses;
Every eye was watching him.
Can he stop them? Will he save her?
Hearts stood still and eyes grew dim.

Rushing forward in the roadway,
Then the reins he firmly caught,
And the frightened, trembling horses
Back up on their haunches brought.
Then the people gathered 'round him,
For the danger all seemed o'er;
Still the horses, frightened madly,
Try to break away once more.

When the baby has been rescued
By him from the dangerous place,
Then, again, the beasts gain freedom,
Then, again, their maddened race.
Plunging forward, rushing onward,
Like the wild things of the storm,
Leaving trampled, in the roadway,
A poor, mangled, bleeding form.

"Who was he?" the people wondered,
Where he came from none could say.
Thus a hobo's life was ended
In a land of strangers, far away.
A gentle lady knelt beside him—
He gave his life her child to save,
And many tender hearts did follow
The hobo miner to his grave.

NOTE—A hobo miner, as a rule, is a good fellow, but is afflicted with wanderlust.

THE HORSE THIEF

Summer winds were softly blowing.
And the clouds were passing o'er,
Casting shadows in the valley,
On the river's rocky shore.
Standing 'neath the swaying willows,
With their horses grazing by,
Was a group of silent cowboys,
Where they brought a youth to die.

Young and fair he stood among them,
With a face a girl might own;
Pleading eyes upturned to heaven;
Bloodless lips that softly moan.
All were silent, he was praying,
Murmuring words that sounded strange—
They recalled a mother's teaching
Long forgotten on the range.

Then the leader, stepping forward,
With a husky voice did speak,
While something like a tear drop
Glistened on his swarthy cheek.
"Boys," he said, with faltering accent,
"It might be that he is right;
"Somewhere maybe his old mother
"Waits for her boy tonight."

"Let us go and talk it over,
"'Fore we lay him 'neath the sod;
"He has set me off a thinking,
"When he tells of home and God.
"It may be truth that he is telling,
"That the horse he never stole.
"Think well, boys, before you harm him—
"Hasty deeds concern the soul."

Many years since then have vanished,
Long the prairie flowers have waved
O'er the grave of that grim leader,
Who somebody's darling saved.
In a distant eastern city,
An aged woman kneels to pray,
For the man who saved her boy--
Was it justice? Who will say?

Where they're making up the records
In the big book up above,
Will the good Saint find it written:
"This soul saved by a mother's love?"
This is told of early justice,
Far out in the west they say,
Before the day of law and order—
It's a tale of yesterday!

NOTE—The law of the range.

THE MOTHERS OF MEN

A monument marks the soldier's grave,
For he was a leader of men;
The vain old world will sing his praise—
His name an historical gem,
Yet greater than all of the soldiers that fall,
Are the mothers and wives of them.

In the book that tells his fame,
Why not tell his mother's name?
The woman who gave the soldier life,
The mother, the sister, the soldier's wife?
Her name to me is greater far
Than all of the world's great heroes are.

A mother dies, a child to save,
Yet no monument marks her grave;
A mother will send her boy to fame,
Still the world knows not her name.
The soldier gets all the honors, when
They are due to mothers and wives of men.

THE MUD DIGGER

There is a town in Arizona,
Down toward the Mexican line,
Where men are called mud diggers,
They who labor in the mine.
We can see them night and morning,
On the roadways and the trails,
Some to work and some returning,
And they all have dinner pails.

A word of jest for one another,
When they pass upon the street,
A helping for a luckless brother,
Whom in need they chance to meet—
We may call them all mud diggers,
If they have the dinner can,
But who will gainsay the statement
That mud digger means a man?

Just like boys whose hearts are carefree,
In the shaft house where they stand
Waiting for the cage to lower,
With their carbide lamps in hand;
Youths among them from the ranches,
And men who near the long last trail;
Generous hearted, old mud diggers—
Their emblem is the dinner pail.

The jewel that glitters in its splendor
There on yonder beauty now
Is cheap beside the sweat that glistens
On the honest miner's brow.
Many a noble minded fellow
Is just a mucker in the mine,
In the thriving copper city
Down toward the Mexican line.

NOTE—Miners in the copper mines of Arizona are sometimes called Mud Diggers.

THE FUGITIVE

Ye traced me o'er the desert wide,
Ye traced me on the mountain side,
Through the forest, o'er the flood,
Ye have shown your lust for blood—
Still ye dare not venture near
Now that I'm surrounded here.

Like a beast, far from his den,
A wild thing hunted down by men
For some foul crime ye say was done—
Ye who are many, I but one.
An unknown stranger, that was all,
So onto me the blame did fall.

Now, beneath the sunny sky,
I am here prepared to die;
Beware, man hunters, come not near;
For this life of mine the price is dear.
Blood for blood, says the law sublime,
Someone is accused for every crime.

Though innocent, some one must die,
The law of blood to satisfy;
Ye boast of justice in the land,
Of the relentless, iron hand;
Now come and take me, if you can,
Come and fight me, man to man.

THE FUNERAL RANGE

In a place they call Ghost Canyon,
Down in the Funeral Range,
Where the hot winds from Death Valley
Seem to whisper stories strange;
Where bleached bones of old prospectors
Are strewn along the line,
Down toward the Skeleton Peak
On the road to the Coffin Mine—

One night we camped in a gulley
Where the thorny cactus grow,
Where Peg Leg Smith and Frenchy
Camped long years ago.
We found a pile of nuggets,
In the old abandoned drift,
When we went to work at midnight—
To work on the grave yard shift.

When the moon rose o'er the desert,
We heard the coyotes yell,
We thought of souls in torture,
We thought of the fiends of hell.
You may say that we were cowards,
Because our blood ran cold—
When we saw a phantom coming
Like a goblin of days of old.

It moved toward us o'er the sand,
And then began to speak;
The voice was low and shaky,
Like one who is old and weak,
With a bony hand uplifted
He said to me, "Behold,
"The Mogul of Death Valley;
"The guardian of the gold."

We did not linger, mister,
There on the grave yard shift,
With his ghostship a prowling
In that old abandoned drift.
We said "good bye" to Death Valley
"Good bye" to the Funeral Range—
If anyone wants the Coffin Mine
They can take it and keep the change!

If you doubt what I have written,
If the truth you would gainsay,
Go yourself into Death Valley—
See the bones along the way
Where the winds from Hell's Half Acre
Seem to whisper stories strange—
Go yourself into Ghost Canyon,
Go into the Funeral Range.

NOTE—Ghost Canyon and the Coffin Mine are myths. The Funeral Range is near Death Valley, California.

A HOBO'S FAREWELL

'Neath a western water tank,
A dying hobo lay;
His pal was sitting near him,
'Twas a dismal winter day.
"There is something I would tell you,"
The weary fellow said,
"If you would sit up nearer
"And bathe my aching head."

"For the time is drawing near
"When I must say adieu;
"I have a pass on the Limited
"And I will ride it through
"They do not blow a whistle,
"Nor ring a warning bell,
"There is just one side track on the road—
"And that is a place called Hell!"

Then his voice grew fainter,
His eyes grew dim with tears,
For his thoughts had wandered
Back to other years.
From his bosom pocket
He took with tender care
A picture old and faded,
And a lock of old gray hair!

"Good bye, mother dear," he murmured,
"I am tired of the rods,
"I am going to join the angels
"In the jungle of the Gods.
"Take this picture, pal," he whispered,
"And this lock of old grey hair—
"Sometime when you are in St. Louis
"You will find my mother there."

"Take this message to her, comrade;
"That she never understood;
"Say that every place I wandered,
"I was trying to make good."
He kissed the picture, old and faded,
Kissed the lock of old gray hair—
Murmured, "Pal, the train is coming;
"Adios, I will soon be there."

DON'T BE A KNOCKER

Don't be a knocker whatever you do;
Though down and out and feeling blue,
Ditch your grouch; shake your frown;
If your heart is right you won't stay down.
Do not kick if times are hard,
You are not alone in the game, old pard.
Be like the fellow who goes along,
With a smile and jest when things go wrong.

A little praise is good to hear,
A helping hand, a word of cheer;
Minor faults we must forego,
None are perfect here, you know;
The best of men are apt to fall,
But a knocker is despised by all—
So do not sit around and whine;
Be a booster, fall in line.

Remember, others have their troubles, too;
Ups and downs the same as you.
The game of see-saw we all play,
Up tomorrow, down today.
Do not ask what you can't give,
But live and let your neighbors live.
Of all the pests beneath the sun,
A chronic kicker is the one.

MY BEST FRIEND, ADIOS

'Twas only a grave by the wayside,
Only a grass covered mound—
There inscribed on the headstone
This simple sentence I found,
Written by hands unskillful,
The lines uneven and close:
"Gone to rest on the other side;
"My best friend, adios."

As I read on the time worn granite,
The words half blotted by years,
I thought of the good old timers—
The brave old pioneers.
In fancy again I saw them,
As of old, when friendship was close,
Bidding a comrade a last farewell,
Bidding a friend "adios."

Now they have vanished forever,
The old pioneers of the west;
We see here and there by the wayside
Their silent places of rest.
The sentence pathetic and simple,
By an unskilled hand written close,
Tells what the old timers' hearts were;
"My best friend, adios!"

THE GRAND CANYON

On the rim of the Canyon Grand,
Where the zephyrs play, on the brink I stand,
And look o'er the chasm deep and wide,
To the purple crest on the other side.
I see, like a winding thread below,
The Colorado in its flow;
The mists arising o'er the falls,
Like grim phantoms, scale the walls;

Silently they mount on high
And fade away in the tranquil sky.
I think as I see the shadows fall,
As I hear the voice of the river call
Of a vanquished people who left their trace
Of another time, of another race.
They perhaps in ages gone
Looked on the scene, as I have done,

And saw the shadows at twilight dim,
And the bright stars gleam o'er the distant rim;
Saw the picture wondrous fair,
That God's own hand has painted there!
Oh, mighty river, in thy flow,
But like a winding thread below
Very soon in the future near
Thy laugh we will no longer hear—

Relentless minds will soon subdue,
The hand of man will bridle you;
Your freedom then will be the price
Of making a desert a paradise!
Ambitious man will make his home,
Where unmolested the wild things roam.
Beautiful river, wild and free,
From dizzy heights I look on thee;

Wonderful Canyon, deep and wide,
Where silent, ghost-like shadows glide;
Grand old cliff, in purple dressed,
With glowing colors on its crest—
The daylight fades and the scene grows dim,
The bright stars peep o'er the distant rim;
Thus do I, a mortal clod,
See the glorious work of God.

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